WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 6.—VOL. XVII. NEW-YORK SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1803. NO. 890.

THE CASTLE DE WARRENNE,

A ROMANCE

(Continued.)

"YOU do, indeed, distress me!" exclaimed Valtimond.

"How am I to act?" rejoined Lady Barome. "Why did your generosity prompt you to encourage hopes which your resolution would not have you to realize?——A time may come when I can make you reparation for the services you may render me."

"Talk not of reperation, Madam!" cried Valtimond, with an energy that made her start:—"that is impossible."

"'Tis well, young man," said Lady Barome, with indignation; "we are your captives. You may sport with the feelings of an unhappy woman with impunity."

"Dear Madam!" said the terrified Matilda.

"Gracious God!" interrupted he, wildly, "have I deserved this?——Yes, Madam, you shall be obliged!—but, alas! pardon, and pity my desperation!"

He rushed out of the room, leaving Matilda gratified with terror. The exertions she had made were too much for Lady Barome; and she fell into hysterics, out of which it was a considerable time before she recovered. Matilda was herself very weak and low; she felt her heart strongly interested in favor of the young De Lacy, and she trembled lest he should fall a sacrifice to the fury of his father. She, however, received some satisfaction, from learning of Lady Barome that it was her intention to pass over to Ireland, and seek refuge with her sister, where, in all probability, she might find her husband; and Matilda waited the return of Valtimond with impatience.

All the next day passed—no Valtimond appeared; and they began to imagine that he had repented his forward zeal. At last their hopes were revived by the sound of his footsteps across the saloon.——Matilda's heart beat high with expectation. He advanced; his looks were wild and disordered; and, throwing himself on the sofa, he took a bundle from under his cloak.

"There, Madam," cried he; "I have complied with your cruel request. And, now, may I supplicate you to think sometimes with pity on the unfortunate De Lacy, who, in losing the gratification he had expected to find in your society, will experience the most poignant affliction."

Lady Barome rose from her seat; she extended her hands to him, while she could no longer suppress her tears.

"Generous youth!—my prayers, with those of Matilda, shall always be for your happiness."

"Refrain, I entreat you," he replyed, "this kindness: I can better bear your anger; that but excited me to prove myself worthy; this shews me the irreparable loss I am about to sustain."—Then, taking the parcel,——"Here," he continued, "are two peasant's dresses; in these, you may pass the borders in safety; and in the channel are vessels bound for any part——In two hours I will attend you."

He then quitted the apartment.——With palpitating hearts they engaged the intervening time in disposing of the few clothes they were able to secure, and other trinkets of value. The habits Valtimond had procured so effectually disguised them, that they had no fear of detection.

The appointed hour soon arrived. Valtimond was punctual: he engaged their silence. Then, extending one hand to each, he led them down the staircase and from thence went through a back door, of which he only possessed the key. The clock just struck ten as they passed the postern gate: all was still; and the morn, which rose with unusual lustre seemed to light them on their melancholy way.

The hand of Valtimond shook as it drew that of Matilda's under his arm; and her heart beat with responsive vibration: but all observed a profound silence. Matilda raised her eyes to his face, and was struck with the pensive sadness pictured there.

They soon reached the creek, where they engaged a fishing boat: the drowsy watermen were with some difficulty awakened. Valtimond again pressed the hand of each to his lips; a tear fell unperceived upon that of Matilda's; and, lifting his eyes to Heaven——"May the Almighty protect you!" was all he could utter. His voice faltered, and, clasping his hands together with a look of despondency, he quitted them.

With difficulty the fair adventurers supported themselves into the boat, which immediately pushed off from land. Matilda indulged her heart-felt grief in silence, not willing, by her own complaint, to dull the bright hopes she saw Lady Barome was cherishing. The dashing of the oars sunk them into a mournful reverie, from which they were roused by the discordant voice of their guide, who informing them of their approach to land.——After taking some refreshment in a paltry inn, they obtained a carriage to Barnstaple, from whence they embarked in a vessel for Dublin harbor. The seas ran high; but the adventurous travellers, fearing to betray their sex by unseemly terror, stifled their fears, and withdrew, as much as possible, from the observation of the other passengers. Their voyage was quick and pleasant, and with joyful hearts they beheld land, and greeted with thanksgiving for their safety, to the Hibernian shore.

CHAP. VI.

Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feats tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting fits him for the soil.

GOLDSMITH.

IT was full eight miles across a bye country to Warrenne Abbey, from the place where they landed; and, as evening was far advanced, they entered a little hut that stood upon a dreary moor, and requested to pass the night there.—The mistress of the humble mansion surveyed them with a scrutinizing look, long before she would give consent. The meanness of their habit did not sufficiently disguise them, so as to obscure that native dignity of manners which even procured respect from this poor and cottager; and her natural hospitality overcoming her distrust, she cheerfully set before them her usual meal of potatoes, rye bread, buttermilk, and whinkey. Throughout the whole hut there was an air of neatness and order, which, from the appearance of six children, who were running about without any other covering than a shift and short staff petticoat, could hardly have been expected. The youngest of these, a fine rosy cheeked boy, climbed on the knee of Matilda, and insisted upon cramming a piece of raw turnip, which he was voraciously devouring, into her mouth. The woman, perceiving he was troublesome to her guests, instantly sent them all out to bring in firewood, though the mud at the back of the house was full a foot deep.

Lady Barome was astonished at the hardiness of the Irish peasantry, of which she had never before been a witness; and the woman, pleased at the notice she took, was going to exemplify it, by relating innumerable anecdotes of the strength, sense, and agility of Shannon. All this was very uninteresting to her guests, who demanded whether she knew the situation of Warrenne Abbey?

"Know it!" exclaimed the woman;—"Arrah! and to be sure I do, if I know the nose on my own face!——Why—we were tenants to the poor dear Lady who is dead; and a sweet pretty soul she was, by my faith!"

"Dead!" cried Lady Barome.——"Oh, Heaven!"

It was with difficulty she kept from fainting, while her loquacious hostess continued:——

"My Lady De Warrenne has been dead these fourteen years; and the Abbey is now the property of Sir Arthur De Warrenne, my late Lord's brother."

The woman was too much absorbed in her own story to notice the agitation of her guest, who was wound up almost to madness by the second shock.——The woman resumed:——

"Not that we are so proud of the change—neither was he: for he soon after took a deadly hate to this place, and went away, God knows where! and left the abbey to the care of an old monster, who won't let nobody go in,—not they, for it seems there has been foul work; and it is said that the poor dear Lady's ghost walks there with a child's skeleton in her arms."

Lady Barome uttered a cry of horror, and sunk speechless on the earth. Matilda, fearful of discouraging her, told the woman that they were related to her late Lady, begging to be left alone with her brother. The woman readily complied, and Matilda soon succeeded in recovering Lady Barome, who threw her arms round Matilda's neck, exclaiming——

"Ah! my sweet friend!—what will become of us!——Would that I had been persuaded by the prudent De Lacy!"

Matilda sighed, involuntarily——"Dear De Lacy!"

"Ah!" cried Lady Barome;—"wretch that I am!——I now see all.——And have I made you miserable, my only friend?——You love

De Lacy.——Speak;—confirm my fears!"——Matilda trembled.

"What is it you ask?" she demanded.——"To say I admire him for his noble conduct towards us, would be but to express a mercenary idea.—How were it possible for a girl of my abject fortune to aspire to De Lacy?——No! no."

Tears choaked her utterance. Lady Barome became frantic.

"Why not?" cried she;—"you are worthy of him.—Were he to desert you for want of birth or fortune, he would be undeserving of your affection.—But I see how it is. I have destroyed all your prospects of happiness; and think not that I will live to hear the self-reproach which thought alone must bring upon me!"

Matilda flung herself at her feet——"Talk not thus, my beloved Lady. Live yet for your son—your Raymond!——We may yet be happy!"

Lady Barome recovered some composure. At last, turning to Matilda, she said——

"Have you courage to follow me in a bold enterprise?"

"Do you suspect me capable of deserting you?" rejoined Matilda.

"Pardon me, my love, if I have hurt your feelings; but, what I require of such an extraordinary request——it is——to accompany me to the Abbey, where, I think, I can procure admittance. My design for such a proceeding, is, to discover whether any traiterous practices have been made use of to deprive my sister of life."

Matilda endeavored not to dissuade her from the enterprise; she had never been accustomed to entertain fears of supernatural agency, and was not in the least appalled at the idea of residing in a haunted abbey. She, therefore, assured Lady Barome of her readiness to attend her; and they continued fixing plans for their conduct, till their hostess summoned them to breakfast.

The woman, agreeable to a request made by Matilda, sent her eldest son with them to shew the way; first assuring them that they would never get in. They offered to reward her for her trouble: this she resolutely declined, protesting she had as much money as she knew what to do with; and, for the rest, St. Patrick would reward her.—They then departed, preceded by the lad, who now and then pointed out to them the beauties of the surrounding country. The road was rugged, and they felt themselves extremely weary by the time they came within view of the Abbey. Having no farther occasion for the boy, they dismissed him, and seated themselves upon a fragment of the fallen ruins, to survey, at leisure, the stupendous edifice.

(To be Continued.)

FEMALE CRUELTY.

SEMIRAMIS, wife of Ninus, king of Assyria, was a very ingenious and beautiful woman, whom her husband passionately loved, and was very constant and faithful to her; and she being sensible he would deny her nothing, desired him as an evidence of his affection, that he would resign the government to her for five days.

The king suspecting no ill, complied with her request; and now having the power in her own hand, she caused her husband to be murdered on the public scaffold, and then usurped the throne.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

A MORNING RAMBLE.

Written at *Gawanus* (L. I.) in August last.

THE tints of morn broke in the eastern sky,
The dusky shades of night began to fly;
Aurora with her rosy shining train,
Was seen emerging slowly from the main.

The reinvigorating beams of light appear,
And with their lustre streak the radiant sphere:
The dew-besprinkled flow'rs that nightly mourn,
Shed tears of pity at the return of morn.

Refresh'd by balmy sleep, nature awakes,
And from the sluggish reign of Morpheus breaks;
Sweet Philomela quits the leafy spray,
And mounts aloft to hail th' approaching day.

With soft emotions glowing in my breast,
Blithe as the soaring lark I rose from rest;
Swift to the chamber where my fair one slept
I flew; and gently at her window tapt.

" Anna! my fair, awake!—my love arise—
" The sun is ris'n—the stars have quit the skies—
" The morn invites to walk—the landscape's gay—
" Health floats around—refreshing zephyrs play.—

Anna arose, fair as the orb of light,
Yet placid as the virgin queen of night;
In beauty's fairest mould her form was cast,
While each bright virtue glow'd within her breast.

Charm'd by the harmony that fill'd the groves,
Where sweeten songsters warble forth their loves;
With souls attun'd, all glowing with desire,
We hastn'd forth to join the tuneful choir.

Across the lawn o'erspread with blooming flow'rs,
Down the love va'e, amidst sequestered bow'rs;
Where native beauties are around display'd,
I fondly ramble'd with my beauteous maid.

On the shorn green, beneath tall waving trees,
We sit, and listen to the passing breeze;
Or o'er the flow'ry banks delighted stray,
And in sweet converse talk the hours away.

Descending now along the river's side,
With ravish'd eye we view the limpid tide;
Whose polish'd surface undisturbed lay,
While gentlest zephyrs on its bosom play.

The finny tribes that sport beneath the flood,
Drew round the mossy rock on which we stood:
With mute attention fondly seem'd to gaze,
As if they wish'd to speak blest Anna's praise.

To me a goddess half divine she seem'd
As from her pensive eye compassion beam'd;
In her fair form the graces all were join'd,
While nobler beauties grac'd her fairer mind.

Ambitious to possess such heav'nly charms,
I clasp'd the blessed maid within my arms;
And by the flood that unceasingly rolls,
To love we offer'd up our kindred souls.

S——.

IMPROMPTU.

ON RECEIVING A LETTER IN BAD BLANK VERSE.

YOU sent me what you call blank verse—
The very name you've hit;
For blank, indeed, it really is
Of either sense or wit.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF GENEROSITY.

AN ACTUAL FACT.

I WERE standing at my door one evening, contemplating the beauties of a most luxurient sunset, when a poor old woman, extremely infirm, sat her down upon my step to rest her. She had two herrings wrapt up in a cabbage leaf in one hand, which, when she had seated herself, she laid down upon the step by her side, and a stick to support her tottering frame in the other. In a few minutes after another woman came up, and asked me to buy her matches. I told her I did not want any. She had a child in her hand, of about seven years old; and having occasion to rest her foot upon the step for something, her cloak fell back, and discovered a most beautiful little infant. I ventured to ask the woman its age: she replied, six weeks. I think it was the sweetest cherub I ever saw. "I have not long sold matches," said the poor woman, while tears started in her eyes. "I had once a comfortable house, decently furnished, to live in. When I had lain in of this child (previous to her infant) a fortnight, the woman who nursed me during my lying-in robbed me, and I have since been obliged to pawn what things she left, to support myself and children. About the same time my husband met with an accident and of which he still lies in St Bartholemew's Hospital; and though I cannot contribute any assistance to him, yet it is some satisfaction for him to see me. I send this lad (shewing the lad to me) every morning to the Hospital; for all the sick have an allowance of pottage; and out of what they leave, the nurses are so good as to give him a hearty breakfast." As soon as the unfortunate woman had finished her tale of woe, the old woman (whom I before spoke) threw one of her two herrings into her hand. The other, almost petrified with astonishment, refused it; but the old woman would take no denial, and persisted in her acceptance of it, which she did; and I reflected within myself, that, like the widows mite, how far superior, how far more blest, was that little boon, than ten times the worth from the rich and ostentatious! And I then acknowledged the justness of Gray's remark in his ode to Spring:

> How vain the ardor of the crowd,
> How low, how little are the proud,
> How indigent the great.

when so poor a woman could at all times be ready to halve her little treasure with a fellow creature in distress!

REMARKABLE INSTACE OF FILIAL PIETY.

AT the instant of time that some ransomed christian slaves were about to be discharged at Algiers, the cruizers brought in a Swedish vessel, whose commander was the father of one of those ransomed captives, and as such embraced his son, then released from a long state of slavery. The young man immediately addressed himself to his aged father, "Sir, the slavery you are brought into, will be unsupportable to you, and soon put an end to your life; the thoughts of which is death to me. I have spun out a great many years, and know the country, the people, and their work; if they will accept of me in your stead, I will go back into prison." The condition was accepted by the Moors; the father was released, and the son returned into slavery.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ON SYMPATHY.

SOFT sympathy thou balm to pining grief,
Thou kindly soother of the wounded soul;
'Tis thou canst give the troubled breast relief,
And bid the tear of gentle pity roll.

Thy tender influence bids the rising sigh,
Of consolation swell the melting breast;
We feel the soft contagion quickly fly,
And fill our bosoms with a pleasing guest.

The soul that's worsted by sympathetic love,
Alleviates and calms the troubled mind;
Can bid the gloom of deep distress remove,
And cheer the heart to dark despair resign'd.

NESTOR.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO MISS ———

INCOMPARABLY mild and winning,
Even with new beauties shining;
How'er employed you chance to be,
Spare one thought and think of me.

While graceful in the dance you move
Prompting all, you view, to love;
Say how happy must I be,
If you kindly think of me.

Sweet compliance with the duelling,
All the rest in wit excelling;
In turn of thought forever new,
Think of me as I of you.

EUGENIO.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A FRAGMENT.

"HAVE pity on a wretched orphan," was the cry of a young girl, who, by her appearance, seemed to have moved in a higher circle than the one I beheld her; the tears trickling down her care-worn cheeks, and her bosom heaving with sighs, that seemed to rend the heart from whence they came, as she addressed a beautiful young creature, whose eye glistened with the drop of humanity as she surveyed her. My sensibility induced me to draw nearer, for the purpose of hearing their discourse.

"Have you no friends?" was the question. Alas! Madam, I had a father, who fell in the battle of his country. I was brought up from my infancy with the tenderest care. This shock overwhelmed us. The affliction of my mother, at the dreadful news, is impossible to describe; nature could not stand the blow; like a drooping lily, she withered, and died. Oh! Madam, had you seen her on her death-bed, what tender anxiety she expressed towards me, with what a degree of affection she pressed me to her throbbing heart—Alas! that heart will never beat more—while her last expiring look was bent towards, heaven, as she clasped me in her arms, as if she seemed to supplicate the divine Being to protect me—Ah! now she's gone. Our little all was seized by merciless creditors; and friendless, and unprotected, I'm doomed to wander, a prey to misery and fatigue."

With a countenance that beamed humanity and gentleness, while the pearly drops of sensibility ran down her "damask cheek," she relieved the distresses of the wretched girl; whilst the humble mendicant, with difficulty, articulated, "God bless you," in such a tender, melancholy, impressive tone, that immediately spoke to the feelings. "God bless you," seemed to be borne on every breeze. 'Tis impossible to describe how affected I was. Suffice it to say, I did what a man of humanity and honor ought to do. She is now in a place, secure from every evil.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 9, 1805.

Thirty-six Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 2d inst.

On the evening of the 10th ult. Stephen Arnold, by occupation a Schoolmaster, of Burlington, Otsego County, while teaching an orphan child who lived with him to read, wanted her to pronounce the word gig, jig, the child being but six years and ten months old, but she could not pronounce it jig, but gave it its true pronunciation gig, at which the inhuman tutor flew into a passion, took the child out at the door, stripped its clothes over its head, and tied them to a stake, by which the child was suspended and exposed to the inclemency of the weather; after which he took eight green rods, tempered them by the fire, and beat the child till it was one continued sore, from its shoulders to its legs; after keeping her in this situation for the space of two hours, he then carried her in, when his wife exclaimed "Arnold I fear you have killed the child!" to which he replied, "wash her with rum, and give her some to drink, and she will do well enough," which was done, and the child put in bed, where it lay till the 12th, when they began to despair of its recovery, and called in a physician, but, by the bye, did not inform him what had happened to the child. The physician imagining the child to be troubled with worms, left the medicine accordingly; the child still grew worse, and on the 13th Arnold went again for the doctor and unfolded the mystery, together with a promise of a deed of half his estate, admitting he would cure the child and keep the secret. But it was too late, for on the arrival of the doctor, he found that medical counsel was necessary, for which Arnold was sent, who called doctor Day, from whence he went to acquaint the child's mother, after which he was tracked to a swamp; but having found his way through to a road, he made his escape. The child lived till the 14th, and then expired.

Arnold was seen on the 16th (between this village and the Little-Falls) travelling to the Westward. He is a man of a middling stature, 36 years of age with a down look, a little bald on his forehead, with a spot about the bigness of a dollar a little back of his crown, quite bald. The spirited inhabitants of Burlington, have raised by contribution the sum of 100 dollars, which is offered as a reward to any person who will apprehend this audacious villain and fugitive from justice, and secure him in any goal, that he may receive his merited punishment.

[Herkimer pap.

INTERESTING INFORMATION.

Letters, we are informed, have been received in town from Lisbon, as late as the 26th November. These letters state that the blockade of Cadiz was resumed by Sir J. Orde, and that a war between Spain and England was deemed inevitable. In addition to this, it was said that divisions were fomenting in the interior of Spain, and that the king, through fear, had actually left Madrid, and had fled to Portugal. The interest of the contending parties demanded the neutrality of Portugal; but in case that interest should not avail, and she should be drawn into the war, there was no doubt but hostility to England would be the first result. One of these letters states that there was every probability that the whole North of Europe would be engaged in the war before the ensuing spring.

COURT OF HYMEN.

BLEST state! where tits no more anxiety;
Where Heav'n the future approves;
Where beats the heart to nought but joy,
And ever lives and loves.

MARRIED.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. Dr Townley, Mr. *Courtland V. Gifford*, to Miss *Mary Kare*.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Townley, Mr. *Robert Collins*, late from England, to Miss *Philetty Havens*, of this city.

On Saturday 26th. ult. by the Rev. Dr. Austin, Mr. *Smith Burnet*, of New-York, to Miss *Phebe Halstead*, of Elizabeth Town.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. *William Whelply* to Mrs. *Sarah Woods*, widow of the late Capt. Woods, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, at Brook Haven, (L. I.) by the Rev. Dr Hallock, Mr. *James Smith*, Merchant, of New-York, to Miss *Eliza Sell*, daughter of Mr. Wessel Sell, of that place.

At Philadelphia, by the Rev. Bishop White, Mr. *Philip S. Church*, of New-York, to Miss *Anne Matilda Stewart*, daughter of the late Gen. Stewart of this City.

MORTALITY.

EACH hour Death warns us by an awful call;
Each hour our fellow-mortals round us fall.

DIED,

On Tuesday morning last, at the house of his friend Mr. James Watson, the Hon. JOHN SLOSS HOBART, in the 47th year of his age; Judge of the District Court of the District of New-York.

At Savannah, Georgia, Dr. NOBLE WIMBERLY JONES.

On Wednesday last, Mr. GABRIEL W. LUDLOW in the 71st year of his age.

Suddenly Mr. JOSEPH CUTHBERT, a native of Ireland.

At Boston, THOMAS MACDONOGH. Esq. Consul of his Britannic Majesty, for the Eastern Department of the United States, aged 65.

At his house in Germantown, JUSTUS FOX type-founder and Printer, aged 69.

At Flushing (L. I.) the 3d ult. Mrs. ABIGAIL HAVILAND, an old and respectable inhabitant of that place.

Very suddenly at his house in Brooklyn, King's County, Major JOHN COVENHOVEN, aged fifty-five.

INFORMATION TO THE POOR.

The Humane Society, furnish good and nourishing soup to the poor, without charge, on application at their Soup house, No. 6 Franfort-street.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip, TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 3, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

TICKETS,

IN THE SIXTH CLASS OF THE SOUTH HADLEY CANAL LOTTERY EXAMINED HERE.

THE LIFE OF TOM GARDNER, For Sale at this Office,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE, THE BEST RHEUMATIC OINTMENT: It has been applied and proves an effectual cure, giving relief in forty-eight hours.

COURT OF APOLLO.

SONNET

GRIEVE not, my friend, since fate decreed
Your little hopes for once to blight;
Altho' if parents will mislead,
I ask, will strangers set you right?

Ah, no, the world is not so kind,
And real sorrows come enow:
Let not, then, trifles pain your mind,
For else your griefs will ever flow.

Bear up against the adverse blast,
For oft it blows both keen and rude;
Nor let your soul be overcast,
Should e'er a troubled gust intrude;
But may you meet, with fortitude,
Both Joy's and Grief's vicissitude.

ANECDOTE.

A Certain coroner near Witham, on his return from an inquest on the body of a man, who was found dead in a barn, with his hands full of corn which he was supposed to have grasped in the agonies of death, was followed for the space of a mile on the road by a man, crying out, Stop, stop sir, stop. The coroner halting at his instance, the man came up, and after much pause, for want of breath asked his honour if he might safely venture to take the corn out of the man's hand? or whether he must be buried with it? declaring at the same time the sobriety and honesty of the deceased. The coroner smiling at the poor fellow's superstitious turn (to carry on the joke) seriously told him, That if the deceased was a sober, honest man, he believed he might venture to take the corn out of his hands. And the man returned highly satisfied, and much rejoiced.

FRENCH STORE,

No. 253 BROAD-WAY,

Opposite the New-City-Hall.

F. DUBOIS, has the honor to inform the public that he has removed his store from No. 81 William-Street, to the above place, where he keeps a choice assortment of Perfumery Jewelry and fancy articles, viz. fine pomatum plain and scented powder, Perfumes of all sorts, a variety of scented soaps and wash-balls, milk of roses, India wool, tablets, face and pearl powder. Antique oil sweet scented peas, burning pastils to perfume apartments the celebrated chevalier Ruspini's Dentrifice, the dramak lip salve, tortoise-shell, ivory, horn and lead combs strainers, penknives, and razor strops, dressing boxes, Artificial flowers and plumes, elastic and queens garters, smelling bottles, pinching and curling tongues, gold pearl and paste earings, ladies and gentlemen's suspenders frizets, and all kinds of ornamental hair for ladies head dresses. The Jessamin and violet oil for thickening preserving and refreshing the hair, the circassian liquid that gives in a few minutes a jet black color to the hairs, and a variety of other articles all warranted of the best kind and sold at a reasonable rate.

F. D. keeps as usual his Intelligence office, where are to be had servants of every description and as much as circumstances will allow of Good Character.

Oct 29 1804 3m

WANTED,

An apprentice at this Office; a youth between 15 and 16 years of age, will meet with good encouragement by applying as above.

MORALIST.

ANGER

ANGER being always stiled a short madness' no less dangerous than deforming to the *persons* where it reigns: Men should allow themselves leisure to consider the consequences of it, before they suffer themselves to be precipitated into passion. One saying to Diogenes, after a rude fellow had spit in his face, sure this base affront will make you angry;" "No," said the philosopher, but I am thinking whether I ought to be so or not, If excess of anger be a man's blind side, he should study to conceal it, lest he gives his enemy an advantage to wound him in a sensible part. When men are moved to it, they ought to sound a retreat to their exasperated spirits, lest, being too much heated, violence should usurp the seat of prudence, and a minute's fury draw after it a subject of long repentance.

NEW NOVELS,

For Sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Horrors of Oakendale Abbey,
A Romance,

Dorval,
Or, the Speculator,

Three Spaniards,
A Romance,
By GEORGE WALKER.

Gonsalvo,
The Spanish Knight.

Amelia,
Or, the Influence of Virtue.

Mysteries of Udolpho,
A Romance.

Tale of the Times.

Romance of the Forest.

Don Raphael,
A Romance.

Evelina,
Or, a young ladies entrance in the world.

Italian,
Or, confessional of the Black Penitents.

Father and Daughter,
By Mrs. OPIE.

What Has Been.

Vicar of Lansdowne.

Emeline,
Or, the Orphan of the Castle.

N. SMITH,

Chimical Perfumer, from London, within 2 doors of the New-York Hotel, Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (no Guilds Row, No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel,

SMITH'S improved chimical Milk of Roses is well known for clearing the Skin from scurf, pimples, scorbutic or sun-burns; has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving,—with printed directions,—6s. 9s, and 12s per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grace, for thickening the hair, & keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair Powder, 2s. per lb. No. Vi-et, double scented, 2s. 6d.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s 6d.

Smith's favourite Royal Paste, for washing the hands making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only above, with directions, 4s, and 8s per pot.

Smith's chimical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2 and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chimical Blacking Cakes, for making Shining Liquid Blacking.—Almond Powder for the Skin, 3s. 6

Smith's Circassian Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chimical principles to help the operation of Shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s per box,

The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strop, Shaving boxes, Dressing cases, Pen-knives, Tortoise-Shell, Ivory, and Horn-combs, Superfine white Starch Smelling-bottles, &c. &c. Ladies & Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods both free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. *** Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

January 1, 1805. 855, 1y.

LIQUID BLACKING

TICE'S Improved Shining liquid blacking for boots and shoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is universally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor crake the leather but renders it soft, smooth and beautiful to the last, and never fails. Black morocco that has lost its lustre is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail, and for exportation, by J. Tice, at his perfumery store, No. 136 William-street, and by G. Camp, No. 149 Pearl-street, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be signed J. TICE, in writing, without which they are not genuine

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of Perfumery of the full quality. Dec. 15.

MILENARY SELLING OFF.

A Saunders informs his customers, and the public, that he is determined to quit the Millenary business, and has at present a handsome assortment of split straw Hats and bonnets, imperial chip do. and many other articles in that line, all of which will be had at first cost, and many articles for much less. He would recommend to those that are in want of any of the articles that he has to call and see the prices before they purchase

☞ Has likewise on hand three cases of American split straw bonnets to sell on commission, will worth the attention of merchants that may wish them for shipping for country merchants.

Jan. 12, 856d.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.